

Adrift In A Sea Of Woe

The Hidden Journal of The Caretaker's Cottage Part 1 of 5



Adrift In A Sea Of Woe

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Chapter Listing:

Chapter 1: Cemetery Songs



I arose in the early morning darkness...comforted
by the gloom.

As I walked, a cool breeze danced around me,
tickling me in a soft embrace.

I looked up to the cry of a lone raven, his chilling
warning echoing in the silence.

It was then I noticed the sky, black as the most
heinous nightmare, filled with ravens, circling in a
mass of ominous Doom.

It was then that I knew, what a beautiful day it
would be...

When raven's call in the dark of night,
When wings of black flutter the air,
When roses of death have lost their color,
And
The pale of the moon bathes the sky
In a ghostly light,
The harrows begin with candle mass
And
End with the morning dew...

Corpses dance - I've seen them...
In the morning light before they turn to dust.

Each night, listen to the wind,
Watch the flickers of distant candle light,
Dances of the dead - The living aren't invited...

Do the dead watch us?

They do...and they weep...but then they remember
that we are transient.

We are what they were
and their fate awaits us, as well.

They weep for what *they were* and for what
we...will become...

The wind blows and the dirt shifts,
The ground begins to sink,
The stench of decay fills the air
as I stand at the gate and weep...

When flowers die, scatter the petals to the wind,
Free them from their earthly bonds.

Find your heart, melt the ice and draw out the ink
of the soul...

Turn your face to the sky, as the winds of
sadness blow...



